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Norwich, Thursday, April 6, 1911.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Western. It is delivered to over 5,000 of the 4,000 houses in Norwich, and read by nearly three per cent. of the people. In Wadsworth it is delivered to over 100 houses, in Putnam and Danbury to over 2,000, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-two towns, one hundred and thirty-five postoffice districts, and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,415
1905, average	5,920
Week ending April 1	8,075

BRINGING DOWN PRICES.

There is no doubt that Clark's recipe for bringing down prices will work. It has been tried and has worked, for under Cleveland in 1892 it brought down prices and brought down business at the same time.

Any policy which increases demand and increases supply is sure to make things cheap.

In 1892 it made labor as cheap as it is now, and it made the workers who had no means to go to the soup-houses and those who had money to spend lived upon that until they were sent under the wheels of the factories and the stocks which had nested in the chimneys were smoked out.

Clark has a tested recipe and it brings about conditions so cheap and so good that it is almost a pity to see the majority of American workmen could not buy a gang plank. What advantage is it to American workmen to have meat 10 cents a pound if they cannot earn the money to buy it? When a policy makes labor the least in demand of all things it has produced a condition which starves labor and adversely affects the well-being of the people.

It will be wiser on the part of congress to listen to the good recommendations of President Taft and to make the extra dollar as short as it is possible. The prospect of a deadlock is fore-shadowed since the insurgents will decline to train with the democrats in tariff revision to the extent they wish.

WHERE PRIDE COUNTS.

We have all been notified that pride goes before a fall, but this is the pride of vanity, a most unwholesome and unprofitable quality. There is pride of nationality and pride of character, and pride of home, a trio, which are rational and promotive of a good spirit.

Just note where pride counted with Abraham Lincoln: I like to see a man proud, said he, "of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man who so lives in it that the place is proud of him. He honors, and he is honored, and he overturns a man's wrong-doing; but do not overturn him unless it must be done in overthrowing the wrong. Stand with anybody who stands right, and stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

Lincoln in this gives a definition of good citizenship that it is safe to tie up to. It is free from all prejudice and pledges only to the right. It boosts right always and stands for honesty. No better citizenship can be devised than a strict adherence to this policy will produce.

ROOSEVELT HITS AT CLOSE RANGE.

None of the assailants of Theodore Roosevelt have ever claimed that he lacked courage. He doesn't assail evils across the country, but follows them to their lair and does his work.

He has been at Reno, Nev., and he did not clothe his words in wool when he called their attention to their bad practices and notoriety. In the face of thousands he denounced Reno's greatest disgrace with no mincing of words.

"There is one colony of which you want to rid yourselves," he declared. "I don't care what you do with those of your own state who seek divorces, but keep citizens of other states who want divorces out of Nevada. Do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the argument that such a colony brings money to your city. You can't afford to have that kind of money brought here."

He dares to preach a clean gospel anywhere and when he refers to tainted money there is no question what he means.

This is what makes Roosevelt popular with the people. His honesty and his courage commend him in all his public work.

The vandals at Springfield, Mass., who blew up the tower of the new municipal group of buildings to create a sensation, should be identified and severely punished.

The New Jersey mayor who killed himself because his reforms did not take, was too sensitive. Here in New England mayor's reforms seldom make an impression.

Happy thought for today: No woman of sense laughs at her husband's jokes; yet, negligence in this respect has caused some men to sue for a divorce.

Carter Harrison had all the big Chicago papers against him, and still he won the mayoralty by a safe margin.

THE NEARLY ABLE.

We have often wondered where all the second-hand automobiles go to, and an exchange informs us they become the convenience and joy of the nearly-able. Some of these machines serve their purpose and some are like the celebrated "one-horse shay," which went to pieces all at once, and the owners of this kind get into the papers in the most annoying way. Read the following from an exchange from a nearby city:

"An old-fashioned automobile that had lost its usefulness and refused to move, two women who sat in the machine, the chauffeur who worked without results to make the 'one-horse shay' continue its journey, assistants from a downtown garage, and a trio of cops made a living picture at which residents in the vicinity of Austin and Oxford streets gazed for several hours Sunday afternoon and into the night. The half-seen-better-days machine turned into a chariot from the Chaudler street and barked at the foot of the hill near Austin street. The driver took his kit and tried to remedy the trouble, but there was no relief in sight after he had worked on it for an hour while his two women companions remained in the car complacently chewing gum. The driver went for help to garage, but the workmen with whom he returned could do no better on the job than he had done himself, though they worked for another hour, the passengers showing no signs of uneasiness and still chewing. The man went away and returned with an auto they said could go. They hitched on to the broken-down one and tried to start, but there was no start. The women by this time after remaining in their seats for about four hours, thought they did not show well in the picture any longer and took a walk. One of the 'one-horse shays' refused to work uphill. A turn about was made, and the outfit went down hill all right, the last seen of it was coming into Chandler street toward Main street.

And these has-been-better-days machines are constantly presenting vexatious scenes in all parts of New England just because the nearly able like to be in the swim.

THEY CAN BEAT IT.

The baseball season is opening up most promisingly. At Bridgeport last Saturday the future in the first game of the season was a broken arm, a dislocated shoulder, two split fingers, a fractured jaw, and a dislocated thumb. The Bulletin has been told. Don't be jealous. Give us time and we will beat that record by several fingers, some legs and arms and with numerous contusions thrown in. The season is just yet, and old, but it will warm up soon.—Bridgeport Standard.

Norwich will not be jealous. She recognizes that Bridgeport has a great lead, and is a most inviting place to young surgeons who are looking for business. One of the specially commensurate traits of Bridgeport is that she attracts the best medical talent. She knows the value of being in the lead, and she certainly deserves to realize upon her venturesome and persistent progressive spirit.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It only takes nineteen and a quarter millions to carry on the city of Boston for a year.

The Hartford democrats must have been very well satisfied with their victory on Tuesday.

The back-lick that doesn't grow as a shingle is a fine specimen of spotlessness in this respect.

Ohio is annoyed because the legislature is keeping in session after house-cleaning time.

Mexico is likely to enjoy its reforms whether it finds any real pleasure in the revolution or not.

Some people think that giving woman the ballot is more against the saloon than against nature.

It has been decided that sauerkraut cannot be injured by cold storage or spoiled by being warmed over.

President Diaz must have a real fondness for office, for he appears to be willing to do anything but resign.

Canada is being run upon a policy that produces a ten million surplus. That may be called good government.

Speaker Clark is a fine talker; but his recommendations must receive the support of the senate, and there he is.

Since Mexican girls do the courting it appears to be a good thing that Uncle Sam's boys are on this side of the border.

The Omaha bride who was married in the presence of her three great-grandchildren gave them a treat great-grandchildren never dream of.

Lo, the poor Indian, has been denied the privilege of obtaining a drink of whiskey in Washington because it deprives him of capability to do business.

The Wisconsin legislator who wants a law passed forbidding a man speaking to his mother-in-law louder than a whisper, isn't in sympathy with his kind.

FAR EASTERN NEWS.

The bill providing for \$2,500,000 gold for public works, which bill was separate from the main appropriations bill, passed the legislature at Manila.

Further purchases of horses are being made for the army and navy in the Philippines. An extra lot of 100 will arrive by May 1.

The majority of the Filipino government is in the United States. They will finish their course there during the coming year. There are now 20 students in the states, four of whom are receiving no pension and three more whose pensions will soon cease. The courses pursued embrace a wide variety of subjects.

Caused Real Excitement. It is generally known that if the late Mr. Geronimo were skylarking on the border there would be no enmity in the cities. Uncle Sam has put up there.—Denver Republican.

Bachelors Will Keep Away. Wisconsin is considering a law taxing spinners for remaining single. If it passes no bachelor will dare show his face in Wisconsin.—Columbia Star.

His Long Suit. When it comes to letting loose a good the Colonel may be said to be playing on the home grounds.—Washington Post.

IN-DOORS AND OUT-OF-DOORS

A Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way."

MY GRANDMA.

I have the dearest Grandma that ever you did see. With soft white hair, and eyes that beam Behind her "spec" at me. She knits me long black stockings, For cold times of the year; And when holes come just laughs and says, "Oh! dear, dear, dear, dear!" She lets me blow my trumpet, And bang upon my drum; And claps her hands like anything, To hear my big top hum. Just as I love my Grandma, And always try to do her will; And just what she says my father was When he was small, like me. —E. M. Siddons.

PRIZE BOOK WINNERS FOR MARCH

Lillian Callahan, Norwich, Conn. Mary Adelaide Harris, Norwich. Richard Tobin, Jr., Norwich. Prize for best finish of story, Lena of the Mountains. Short Stories. Edgar Parker, Norwich—best story, A Blade of Grass. Floyd Barber, aged 11, Moosup, Conn.—second best, A Pine Tree.

UNCLE JED'S CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Our little story writers are doing well, and we are giving two prizes where we promised only one, and shall give two books a month in future to the writers of the prettiest stories. In the hidden word puzzle competition we had hoped to give one book to a girl and one to a boy each month, but we cannot justly do it when the girls are solving the hardest puzzles and evading none.

Richard Tobin, Jr., aged 9, took a special prize last month as the youngest competitor. This month he takes a prize for making the best conclusion to his story, Lena of the Mountains, a task of real merit.

Uncle Jed congratulates the little winners upon their success.

THE HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE.

Water. All Around—Not a Drop to Drink. It seems as though the people of Norwich have water. If they have not, surely some of us thought we had Kingdom Come when that flash of lightning and thunderbolt passed over the city Wednesday night, March 23. Such warnings of nature ought to have some effect on the heart and soul of the wicked, especially those who are guilty of making the innocent suffer. I do not take mine from a bottle, but straight from the Nickel work's artesian well.—Richard Tobin, Jr., aged 9, Norwich.

Water All Around—Not a Drop to Drink.

A little from Pigeon meadow, A little from the well, And a little from Mohagan lake; But wait, I'm not quite through.

JERRY AND BOCO SEPARATED And REUNITED

A Night-Cap Story for Little Folks.

(Copyrighted.)

The farmer could not bear the thought of losing Jerry, and was so neglectful that the cat's old mistress became very fretful, for a week had passed and Jerry had not returned, and almost another week before he got Jerry into a bag headed for his old home in the city.

There are some things in life that are hard to get used to, and the close bag was one that Jerry and Boco were not used to. Jerry was the well-fed and trusted pet in this household for many years; and here they had to live in a close bag, and he was not allowed to make cats comfortable and happy. They never roamed about as usual, but came to a peaceful and honorable end on those broad acres where life was made pleasant for them and they could roam and hunt together at will.

UNCLE JED.

THE WILD FLOWER GARDEN.

The flowers that do well transplanted. It needs only a few warm days to bring out pale little bleeding hearts; and little Miss Hepatica, who is not like most of the flowers, is ready to open. Red Trillium and Moccasin are about the only wild flowers I can't cultivate. My wild flower bed is pretty when well started. White and pink Trillium, Solomon's Seal and Jack-in-the-Pulpit all come up young from seed to bloom the next year. My bloodroot comes up in the spring, and the yellow violets of every shade, and the yellow violets come up each year as well as the blue. Then I have Prince's pine, pale yellow vine, lily of the valley, bell-pinks and a large plant of true gentian which is nice. I also have many kinds of ferns.

Many a nice waist I sport with the cinnamon fern, as it stains like iron-rust after wet weather.

Last year I found the grape fern, and it went to seed last fall, and I hope to see it up this spring. This is not a very common fern. The deep-lit rock fern does well in the garden; and I have the Christmas fern, it keeps green so long. These and many more I have in a shady place two feet wide and eight feet long. I keep them well watered, and I wrap around the roots and soil of wild plants taken up and placed paper, and all in the ground when planting.

Norwich.

FLOWER STUDENT.

I decided to have a green suit this spring. It was tailored perfect, and the many seams looked like veins running in many directions; but my complexion must be improved. Other girls paint—why not I? And truly, in a few weeks I was just a lovely pink. Everyone said how lovely she looked. I know I was the envy of all the girls; but pride will have a fall; and sure enough one day I broke out all over in bunches.

Oh, how frightened I was! What would my friends think of me now? What could I have? Boils, erysipelas, or what? Even a little boy turned pale and sick when he looked at me, and holding his hand on his stomach, he shook his head and said: "No green apples for me this year."

THE BOY.

THE STORY OF A DOG.

I am a dog, and my fur is long and smooth. I do not like cats, for they are afraid of me. My mistress is very kind to me and she pets and keeps me clean. I like her to pet me. One day she tied a pretty red ribbon around my neck. I did not like this very well. After trying on the ribbon she took me to a dog show, where I won the first prize. I was very happy to see my friends, as I did not ever go out alone. My mistress was always with me. One day when I was going home my mistress said to me, "Let him alone! I hear from morning until night is fussing, fussing, fussing." Robert ignored the dinner bell, as he did not care to leave his book; and when he came to the dinner table he had finished dinner. At the table Robert remarked: "Mother, I forgot to tell you."

"Wonder you don't forget you are alive," replied Horace who had lingered at the table, and who was fond of fussing.

"Well, mother, you know there is a show in the village, and the only hotel there is full, and they asked me to see if you would take them. They said they would pay whatever board you asked," continued Robert.

"This is no gathering place for the

A LITTLE MOUSE.

Once I was a little mouse. Every night I came out of my hole to find some cheese to eat. One night as I was running around on the shelves I came across a trap. I said, you won't get me, for I know all about traps. The cheese smelled very good. I stood there for a long time.

I got so tired watching it I went right up where it was. The trap snapped, but I didn't know I was caught. When I got my cheese eaten I started to go back to my hole. But I found I was caught. I had a fine supper, just the same. When the people got up in the morning they saw me in the trap. The people had a black and white cat. They gave me to her, and this is the end of my story.

THEIR EMBIT.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

Lazy Bob.

"Mother, I will stand this no longer; he has got to go to work," said the angry brother.

"But, Horace, do be calm; you must remember he is not as old as you, and it is true you attend school, but otherwise he does as much as you. Now, please, don't have any fuss, for he comes," his mother replied.

Robert did not enter with a quick step but was rather slow step for a boy as young as he was. "He was rather tall. His shoulders were very rounded. He wore a blue suit and a tie, together, bore the appearance of a student. His steps were directed to the sofa, upon which he threw himself. He looked at his mother and said, 'I believe I will read a little.'"

Robert did not remove his book from his pocket, and he said, "That's right; sit down and read the entire evening, and let your mother see how you get on, you lazy thing!" Robert did not remove his book from his pocket, and he said, "That's right; sit down and read the entire evening, and let your mother see how you get on, you lazy thing!" Robert did not remove his book from his pocket, and he said, "That's right; sit down and read the entire evening, and let your mother see how you get on, you lazy thing!"

THE CAT HELPED.

We have a Scotch terrier named Jack and a common black cat named Tom, that are the best of friends, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. Jack is small, but knows no fear, and will attack any strange dog. Not long since Jack and Tom were on the porch when a farmer drove along the street with a bulldog following. No sooner did Jack lay his eyes on the bulldog than he "went for him," but to his grief, Tom saw his friend Jack getting the worst of it, and went to his assistance, and in a few minutes Mr. Bulldog was going howling up the street as fast as he could run, with Tom on his back.

An Ungrateful Owl's Fate.

One day an old hen was wandering about in the woods she found an owl, "Come! Sleepy, she said, but the owl was asleep. The hen scratched until she found a large yellow worm. She coaxed him a piece toward the barnyard. It was noon when she got home with her owl. Some of her neighbors were making fun of her chick. "Quit that, sir! This is a shame for me to be awakened at such an hour of the night." "Off with his head," said an old hen in the corner. "We'll have a funeral tomorrow." "Not out of me," said the owl, and he took to his heels. "You are a coward," said Professor Cock on the top of his head. "You are a coward," said Professor Cock on the top of his head. "You are a coward," said Professor Cock on the top of his head.

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